

ALLIES REFUSE TO SEE POWERLESS HUN ENVOYS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,830.

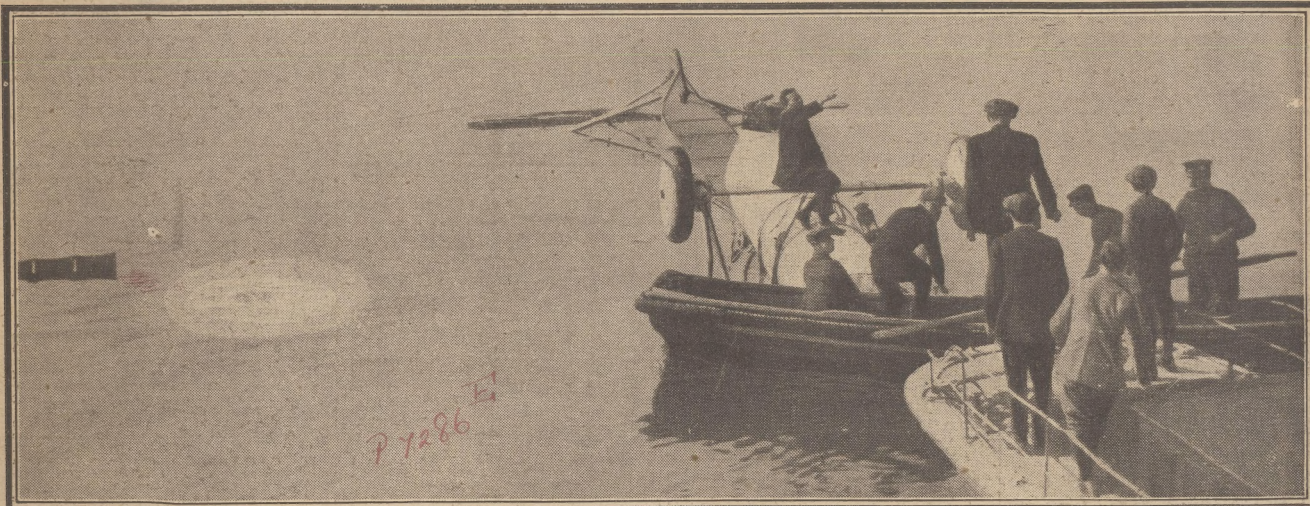
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MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

WRECKAGE OF ATLANTIC FLYER TOWED INTO PORT



Major Wood's wrecked aeroplane in Holyhead Harbour. One of the ailerons can be seen in the above photograph protruding from the water.



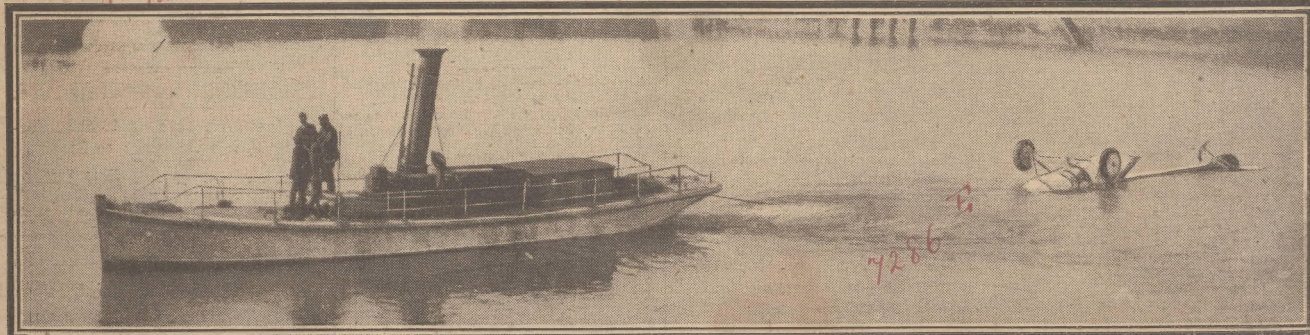
Major Wood.



The crowd waiting at Bawnmore, near Limerick, for the arrival of the aeroplane. They were disappointed.



Captain Wylie.



The aeroplane carrying Major Wood and Captain Wylie, which fell into the sea off the Island of Anglesey. It is here shown being towed safely in to Holyhead.

The first chapter of the transatlantic flight came to a sudden termination. Major Wood and Captain Wylie left Eastchurch on Friday in their Short biplane for Ireland. They arrived near the Island of Anglesey—in the sea. Fortunately they were picked up by

a destroyer summoned by their escorting machine. By quickly emptying the huge petrol tank the latter was transformed into a float, and kept the biplane on the sea until it was ultimately picked up.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

RABIES FEARED IN 3 MORE CASES.

Suspects at Bermondsey, Ealing and Feltham.

CATS AND NEW ORDER.

The Daily Mirror is informed by the Board of Agriculture that three cases of suspected rabies were reported yesterday.

One in Wild's Rents, Bermondsey, and one each in Cromwell-road, Feltham, Middlesex, and Acton-road, Ealing.

The police at Tower Bridge Station have the carcass of a dog which is being examined.

Police-constable Clayton, of Lewisham, was badly bitten by a stray wire-haired terrier at Catford yesterday. He was endeavouring to catch the dog, when it bit him four times on the right hand. The wounds have been cauterised, and the constable is to go to St. Thomas's Hospital to-day, for inoculation.

The dog is believed to be healthy, but is being kept under observation at Lewisham Police-station.

While the word "rabies" suggests many horrible possibilities, there is no cause for undue alarm. So much experience has been gained since 1897, the year in which the campaign against rabies was initiated, that there is no danger of the malady spreading beyond control.

There are not many cases being investigated at the moment. The case at Putney, reported on Saturday, is still being examined, while two confirmed cases are reported from Glamorgan and Plymouth.

The two suspected cases reported on Friday in London have proved not to be rabies.

Outside the zone of London there are three infected areas: Devon and Cornwall, Monmouth, part of Glamorgan and part of Brecon, Gloucester and Hereford.

Dog lovers are agitated by the thought that after May 1 universal muzzling will be enforced.

The Daily Mirror is able to state on good authority that no such step is contemplated. Universal muzzling has never obtained in England, the nearest approach to such a condition being in the third quarter of 1897.

100,000 MUZZLES.

Expert on Danger of Dogs Going "on the March"—A New Rabies Order.

But on May 1 appears a new Rabies Order, 1919—superceding the Rabies Order, 1897—which has regulated procedure.

The leading clauses are—

The inclusion of cats within the purview of the Order.

Provision for immediate veterinary inquiry in every suspected case.

The Board of Agriculture has not been idle in stimulating the supply of approved muzzles. When it seemed likely that steps would have to be taken to combat the spread of rabies the Board entered into agreements with large manufacturers to produce wire muzzles.

An enormous quantity has been made, one firm alone being responsible for something like 100,000.

But the Muzzling Order will not provide an absolute safeguard against the spread of the disease among dogs, said an authority to The Daily Mirror yesterday.

Nothing can prevent a dog becoming rabid as a result of infection occurring before the Order. If the dog is unmuzzled in the house at the time it will almost certainly get away. When a dog goes "on the march" it is almost impossible to restrain it.

The Local Government Board has made arrangements for the treatment of patients suffering from the bites of rabid dogs. It is too long necessary to mention the Pasteur Institute in Paris, as the vaccine is now available in London.

GIRLS AND SPIRITUALISM.

No "Deadly Experiments" for Them, Says Sir Henry Lunn.

To-day we were confronted in this country with a rapid development of the attempt to solve the mystery of the Great Unknown, said Sir Henry Lunn at a Brotherhood meeting at Kingsway Hall yesterday, at which he criticised Sir A. Conan Doyle on spiritualism.

Sir Arthur had told them in his recent book that every woman was an undercover medium, and suggested that all women should try their hands at automatic writing.

"I say, as a medical man," said Sir Henry, "that Sir Arthur ought never to have penned these words."

"As a man who cares for the girls of England, I say we don't want a lot of highly-strung, sensitive, over-worked girls leaving their hand work in London offices to spend their evenings with a planchette and the deadly experiments which often overthrow the reason."

2½ MILLIONS "DEMOBBED."

The War Office announces that since the date of the armistice the following numbers have been discharged or demobilised up to noon of April 17, 1919:—Demobilised: 79,609 officers and 2,145,507 other ranks. Discharged medically unfit: 113,292. Discharged from Reserve classes: 124,331. Total: 79,939 officers, 2,408,950 other ranks.

PRE-WAR EASTER DELIGHTS.

Happiest Holiday for Many Years—Seaside Resorts Packed—Vast Motor Army.

TO RIVER AND COUNTRY BY MOTOR-BUS TO-DAY.

Weather permitting, holiday-makers to-day should enjoy the best Easter witnessed for many years. Already a record seems established.

Judging by yesterday's crowds in the parks and open spaces, the packed buses, trams and trains, the real pre-war holiday spirit has been restored.

Seaside resorts are packed as rarely before with happy crowds—at Bridlington they slept on billiard-tables and in bathrooms, while at Scarborough there are not enough servants to wait on them—while motorists are abroad in vast numbers.

Lakeland and mountainside were never so invaded by visitors.

By the resumption of the favourite bus services Londoners may enjoy a fine "motoring" holiday in the country districts around London to-day at the cost of a few pence.

BY BUS TO THE RIVER.

Those who are fond of the river may avail themselves of the following services:—

	No. of Bus.	Fare, s. d.
Highbury-Twickenham	27	0 3
Twickenham-Hampton Court	37a	0 3
Stoke Newington-Hampton Court	27a	1 3
Somerset House-Hampton Court	32	1 0
Cricklewood-Hampton Court	112	1 2
Charing Cross-Richmond	33	0 6
Putney Bridge-Kingston	33	0 6

One may now reach practically all the beauty spots around London by bus. A few of the long-distance services may be mentioned:—

	No. of Bus.	Fare, s. d.
Camden Town-Reigate	59b	1 8
Clapham Common-Dorking	107a	1 6
Shoreditch-Farnborough	54	1 2
Golders Green-St Albans	47	1 2
Ealing-Leatherhead	105a	1 4
Epping Forest (Several services)	10d. and 0 11	

There is hardly a country district within reasonable distance of London which cannot now be reached by motor-bus. For the cost of about 2s. 6d. or 3s. one may enjoy a motoring holiday which would cost ten times as much by private car.

GAY OUTDOOR HOLIDAY.

Parks and Commons Thronged with People—Sad Easter for Dogs.

Stay-at-home Londoners spent their Easter Sunday in cheerful spirit. The parks and commons were crowded with jostling throngs of happy people.

The "church parade" assumed its pre-war dimensions, and hundreds of daintily-dressed women with their attendant cavaliers watched the riders.

One may shine, with its weather-stained Union Jack, was bright with spring flowers.

A pathetic incident occurred when two small children entered the little iron railing sur-

rounding the shrine and placed a tiny pot of forget-me-nots among the other blooms.

On a little car in the centre of the blue flowers was written in large childish hand: "To Daddy, with love, his last Easter."

Dogs' Easter.—The new muzzling order had kept the dogs at home. Here and there, however, a terrier or a Pomeranian was to be seen looking distinctly uncomfortable in the new muzzle as he walked solemnly at his master's heels.

A six-year-old flyer was among the air passengers at Cricklewood yesterday. Other bright passengers before midday fifty were women and children. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tate and their son were among those who went up.

The passenger service will be continued to-day.

Bands at Windsor.—By command of the King the bands of the Coldstream Guards and 2nd Life Guards played on the East Terrace at Windsor Castle yesterday. Thousands of the public were admitted.

"OLD BILL'S" REHEARSAL.

Keeper of the Great Seal Helps Him for To-day at the Zoo.

Five Californian sea-lions will be "performing" in their ponds at the London Zoological Gardens to-day.

The keeper, entitled Katie and Prudence on the rocks and, by means of carefully-aimed shots, induced them to dive off with a terrific splash into the water. The trouble was that Old Bill, waiting quietly below, invariably backed the fish intended for his sisters!

am trying to teach them to dive from the rocks," he said. "They are getting along splendidly. Old Bill is the shyest of the bunch—he prefers catching fish from the water—but he soon gets friendly with me."

The "star" actors, who have been rushed over from America, will be diving, splashing, barking and catching fish in miraculous fashion. They are Old Bill, a fine male with a heavy, drooping moustache, and Katie and Prudence, two very graceful, slender sisters.

Resting for To-day.—Great preparations for big Bank Holiday crowds have been made at the Zoo, and the chief animal workers, the elephants, camels and llamas, who give rides to children, were resting yesterday for to-day's great effort.

On Saturday the two elephants, Jessie and Lulu, and the big grey goose of Durs, cakes and fruit they have had since the early summer of 1914.

Next to the sea lions and the elephants, the most popular inmate of the Zoo to-day will undoubtedly be Daisy, the baby leopard.

This pretty little animal was out on a lead yesterday like a big friendly cat; children crowded round her and patted and stroked her. She seemed to enjoy being made such a fuss of and showed her pleasure by purring and rubbing her whiskers on their boots.

(Pictures on page 6.)

BRIDEGROOM IN DITCH.

Easter Wedding Party Thrown Out of Car and Immersed.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SHEFFIELD, Sunday.

The steering gear of a motor-car containing an Easter wedding party, after leaving church this morning, failed to act while the driver was negotiating a dangerous part of the road in an open country; the car suddenly turning turtle and falling into a ditch containing 2ft. of water.

All the occupants were immersed, and the bridegroom seriously injured and removed to hospital.

COUPONS FOR DRINKS?

Brad'ord Suggestion—Protest Against Permanent "Control."

About 2,000 people gathered in St. George's Hall, Bradford, yesterday afternoon to demand the removal of the liquor control.

A resolution, which was declared carried unanimously, presented any legislation being forced upon the community under the guise of reconstruction which would make the Liquor Control Board a permanent body.

One speaker advocated drink licences instead of ration-books.

ALL-NIGHT VIGIL FOR HEROES.

Despite the fact that they arrived between three and four o'clock yesterday morning, a recon of the 2nd Battalion Devon Regiment had a hearty reception from a large crowd at Exeter, who had waited up all night for the purpose.

The men marched through the city with unfurled colours bearing the Croix de Guerre awarded the battalion by Marshal Poch for the stand they made at Bois des Buttes last May.

25 ACRES ABLAZE.

Miniature Prairie Fires in Surrey—Horsell Houses Just Escaped.

Extensive common fires were reported in several parts of the biggy gorge of the weekend, the most serious being in the Camberley District. Twice yesterday the Woking Fire Brigade were called out. At Horsell over twenty-five acres were destroyed. Several houses were endangered.

PORTABLE "PRAM."

May Be Used as Cot or Bath—Goes Easily into Golf Bag.

A portable perambulator has been invented, said it will shortly be placed on the market.

Some details of the new invention were explained to The Daily Mirror by Mr. Moore, of Murray and Co., Ltd.

"It is called the 'Brella,'" said Mr. Moore, "from its resemblance, when closed, to an umbrella."

It measures about 50in. by six, and will easily go into a golf-club bag. Its total weight is 9lb.

"It makes an admirable cot for a baby, and a second seat is provided for a child of a slightly larger growth."

The seat, being made of Willenden canvas, is waterproof, and the cot can therefore be used as a bath."

BOMBED LONDON CHURCH.

At Woolwich Garrison Church yesterday morning General Sir H. S. Home unveiled the new rose window at the west end of the church.

The original window, which was erected as a memorial to Lord Herbert, was destroyed by a bomb from a German aeroplane on February 16, 1918, the bomb killing a Colonial soldier and a girl.

MAKE ROOM FOR THE COUNTRY VISITOR!

London Manager's Way of Solving Hotel Problem.

HOMELESS "RESIDENTS."

A climax appears to have been reached in the overcrowding of London's hotels.

The London "season" has started, the hotel population is becoming larger than ever, so that it is almost impossible to obtain accommodation at any of the big hotels.

Visitors to London often have to spend a wearisome day before finding hotel accommodation. Men in London on business often have to sleep in the suburbs.

The situation is largely due to the fact that the Government still occupies many of the largest hotels.

One authority yesterday estimated for The Daily Mirror that 8,000 more people could be accommodated if these hotels were "demobilised."

There is another reason for the shortage. Owing to the servant problem many people become permanent residents.

The position of the hotel proprietors is a very awkward one, and the managers of several of the largest London hotels—the Regent Palace and the Strand Palace included—have decided to give permanent residents there notice to quit.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

Time Limit Placed on Accommodation for "Permanent Residents."

A letter which has been addressed to many hundreds of them during the past week by the hotel management states:—

"For some time past we have been receiving many letters from patrons who at frequent intervals formerly visited our hotels, complaining that they are now repeatedly refused rooms."

"It is most strongly contended that we are thereby not offering the public in general the facilities for which our hotels were established."

"In order to rectify this position, and to a minimum we have been compelled—most reluctantly—to adopt a regulation that accommodation may not be retained for more than three months."

LIBERAL NOTICE.

The "permanent residents" are given liberal notice.

They are asked to let the management have possession of their rooms four weeks after the receipt of the above notice.

Discussing the situation with The Daily Mirror, Mr. Julius Salmon, one of the managing directors of the Strand and Regent Palace Hotels, said:—

"There is no question of any financial gain to our company by this move."

"As things stand at present, we have little accommodation available to offer the general public."

"We are booked up, practically full, for months ahead."

"We have had to disappoint thousands of our customers."

"So we are trying to ease the situation by giving notice to all who stay over three months."

TO CALL GENERAL STRIKE?

Limerick Leaders' Threat if Restrictions Not Removed.

Although up to date on Saturday evening perfect order had been maintained in Limerick, the atmosphere was such that at any moment trouble might break out.

Two members of the Irish Labour Party Executive for Dublin had long conferences with the local strike committee, and it was stated by Mr. Cronin, chairman of the committee, that these delegates would take control and would have power to call an immediate strike throughout Ireland if the military restrictions were not removed.

RESCUE SEEN FROM SHORE.

Holiday Makers Watch Foundering Barge Brought to Safety.

DEAL, Sunday.

The holiday folk at Deal saw some smart rescue work in the Downs this afternoon.

During the heavy weather a motor barge, the Eight Brothers, had her only boat carried away. Heavy breakers washed over her, causing damage to her deck. She began to settle down, when Deal boatmen, launching a skiff, succeeded in reaching her.

Here they found her crew hard at work at the pumps. For some time it was touch and go, but eventually the Eight Brothers was brought safely into Dover Harbour under sail.

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

Page 4.—Paris's Modern Bluebeard.

Page 10.—Hardest Workers in Country;

Monieur Beattie.

Pages 13 and 15.—Racing, football, cricket,

boxing and general sporting news.

VERSAILLES HITCH ALLIES' DRAMATIC REFUSAL

MAJOR WOOD WILL TRY AGAIN.

Not Downhearted by Fall Into Irish Sea.

A FORTNIGHT'S DELAY.

Hawker and Raynham Still Held Up by Bad Weather.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HOLYHEAD, Sunday.

Major Wood, despite his forced descent in the Irish Sea on Friday evening, is determined to go forward with his plans for flying the Atlantic.

When I saw the gallant major he seemed greatly distressed by his failure to make his real starting-point for his transatlantic flight. Disappointed he certainly was, but his demeanour testified his determination not to be balked of success if it is humanly possible to achieve it.

"TO MAKE GOOD."

Major Wood Will Get a New Machine If Necessary.

"I want it to be made quite clear," Major Wood said, "that this mishap is not going to put an end to my attempt to make good. We can either get a new machine or have this one repaired in a very short time."

Major Wood, in an account of his flight, said: "We started off at 3.15 on Friday, taking a course north of London."

Our object was to make for Holyhead and use the port as the point from which to make Dublin. The engine had been running perfectly, and everything seemed favourable.

We reached Holyhead at about twenty minutes past seven, and I then took over control and Captain Wylie gave me the course and we started across channel.

We got about twelve miles out to sea, and were about 3,000 feet up, when suddenly the engine stopped completely."

Asked what was the cause of the engine failure, Major Wood replied: "Obviously it was air lock in the petrol system."

Questioned about the future, Major Wood said: "The planes are damaged through having been in the water so long, but we hope to get the machine ready as soon as possible. We are going to take it back to Rochester for repairs, which I am afraid will take about a fortnight."

"I presume you will renew your attempt when you have righted the machine again?" I asked. "Oh, yes," instantly replied the Major, "unless the Atlantic has been crossed in the meantime. There are only two other competitors. They can start before we are able to, probably, but it is quite possible they may have the same misfortune as we have had."

Major Wood left Holyhead for London yesterday, and the machine will follow to-day.

STARTING CONDITIONS GOOD

But Mid-Ocean Storms Detain Hawker and Raynham.

St. John's (N.F.), Sunday Noon.

Neither Mr. Hawker's Sopwith nor Mr. Raynham's Martinsyde machine will attempt the transatlantic flight to-day. The mid-ocean weather reports show that two storms are working westward, while another is off the coast of Ireland.—Reuter.

The weather report issued by the Air Ministry at eight o'clock last night states that the conditions in Ireland remain favourable for landing, and there is no change in the Newfoundland conditions, which appear likely to remain favourable for a start. Over the central portion of the course, however, winds, low clouds and rough seas would render risky an attempt to get through at present.

5,000 Miles Flight.—Captain E. F. White on Saturday made a ten-stop flight of 727 miles from Chicago to New York in six hours fifty minutes. Major T. O. Macaulay on Saturday flew from San Diego to Jacksonville and back to Port Worth (Texas), a distance of 5,500 miles, in 44½ hours actual flying time, making frequent stops.—Reuter.

WILSON'S SHIP WAITING.

BRESE, Sunday.

The George Washington, which is to take President Wilson back to the United States, has arrived here.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

South-Eastern England.—Moderate or fresh N.E. E. winds, decreasing gradually. Fair. Rather cold.

Big Four Decline to Receive Foe Delegates Who Are Merely "Messengers."

MUST HAVE SAME POWERS AS ALLIED ENVOYS

The following official communiqué was received from Paris last night:—

A communication has been received from the German Government stating that they will send representatives to Versailles to receive the Peace terms and take them back to the German Government at Weimar.

The Council of Four have replied that they cannot receive representatives who are merely messengers, and that the German Government must appoint representatives with the same powers as those of the Allied plenipotentiaries.

Foch Prepared.—The Daily Mirror learns that General Foch is leaving nothing to chance. All along the Rhine the Allies are materially strengthening their forces in case the Huns refuse to sign the Treaty.

HUN "PEACE" MEN WITHOUT FULL POWERS.

Will Real Delegates Be There on Friday?

COPENHAGEN, Saturday.

A Berlin telegram of yesterday's date says: General Nudant yesterday delivered, on behalf of the French Premier, the following Note to the Armistice Commission at Spa:—

1. The Supreme War Council of the Allied and Associated Powers has resolved to invite the German plenipotentiaries to Versailles for the evening of April 25 in order to receive there the text of the peace preliminaries fixed by the Council of the Allied Powers.

2. The German Government is therefore requested forthwith to notify the number, names and status of the delegates whom it intends to send to Versailles, and also the number, names and status of the persons accompanying them.

The German delegation must remain strictly confined to its role and only comprise persons who are destined for its special mission.

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau instructed the German Foreign Office representative on the Armistice Commission at Spa to make the following reply to General Nudant's Note:—

The German Government has received the French Premier's and War Minister's communication of April 18. It will send the Minister, von Haniel, Geheimrat Legationsrat von Keller and Wirklicher Legationsrat Ernst Schmitt to Versailles for the evening of April 25.

The delegates are provided with the requisite authority to receive the draft text of the peace preliminaries, which they will forthwith deliver to the German Government. They will be accompanied by two officials, Hofrat Walter Reimker and Diaber Alfred Lueders, as well as two Chancery servants, Julius Schmidt and Niedeck.—Reuter.

Long Cabinet Talk.—The Berliner Tageblatt thinks that the wording and contents of the Allies' invitation betray the style of Clemenceau, says a Wireless Press message from Berlin.

After the arrival of the invitation a meeting of the Cabinet was called, during which the reply to the Note or the further steps to be taken were discussed. The meeting lasted several hours.

The decision of the German Government to send only three delegates to Versailles to receive the preliminary peace terms and carry them to Berlin is seen as a concession, in that it would be superfluous to send all the German delegates to Versailles at as early a date as the 25th, as they would have to remain in idleness there for an undetermined period, while the terms were being referred to their Government.—Reuter.

On Friday the Allies will submit the peace conditions to the German delegates, and, as was exclusively foreshadowed in Saturday's Daily Mirror, the enemy will be allowed three weeks in which to sign the Treaty.

It is understood, says the Central News, that the Peace terms will be communicated to the Press on Saturday. The military terms, says the New York Herald (Paris edition) will forbid Germany sending military instructors or military missions to any foreign country.—Central News.

Marshal Foch and Generals Wilson and Bliss have completed their plans to meet any German refusal to sign the Peace Treaty.—Exchange.

BRITAIN, FRANCE AND U.S.

Defensive Alliance in Treaty Supplementary to League.

PARIS, Saturday.

Half of the articles of the Peace Treaty are now ready. [According to the Exchange, the whole of the articles will be ready by Thursday.]

It is stated in French diplomatic circles that the Treaty will contain an enunciation of the general terms of a defensive alliance uniting

Great Britain, France and the United States supplementary to the League; the military conditions of the Alliance, of course, remaining secret.—Reuter.

The Kiootchoo question is about to be considered by the Council of Four. America wants the restitution pure and simple to China.

The Council of Four considered the Adriatic question yesterday, and Baron Sonnino demanded all that France and Britain promised Italy in the Treaty of 1915.—Reuter.

The Liberte says the town of Fiume is to become Italian. The Italians are to keep Zaka and Sebenico, but they are willing to make concessions in Dalmatia in favour of the Jugo-Slavs, who are also to receive Susak, a suburb of Fiume.

Prussian Wallons have telegraphed to M. Clemenceau asking for the separation from Prussia of the whole of the Walloon territory and a referendum in the non-Walloon districts, which are none the less indispensable to Germany.—Reuter.

SHALL WE MARCH ON BERLIN?

Mr. Hughes and Possibility of Huns Rejecting Peace.

PARIS, Sunday.

Mr. Hughes, speaking at an Aztec dinner here last night, said they were told the Peace Treaty would be ready during the coming week, but when they looked around they saw half the world engaged in war or preparations for war.

It was a hollow mockery in the face of such facts to say peace was at hand and the world safe for the liberty of democracy. What the world wanted to know was suppose the German delegates rejected the Peace Treaty.

What then? Would the Army of Occupation march forthwith on Berlin, or would there be further parleying and delay?

"BRITISH SHIPS CLEARED FOR ACTION."

Lettish Press Bureau and the Situation at Libau.

In Libau telegrams of April 17 the Lettish Press Bureau accuses the commander-in-chief of the German troops, General von der Goltz, of being partly responsible for the conspiracy against the Lett Government, and adds: "The Lett Premier, M. Ullmann, is still with the British Mission. The British warships have cleared for action."—Reuter.

MUNICH EXPECTED TO FALL AT ANY MOMENT.

Government Troops Faced by 10,000 Armed Communists.

The attack on Munich has begun, and, according to an Exchange Paris message, the fall of the city is expected at any moment. Near to Dachau the troops of the Bamberg Government were faced by a body of 10,000 armed Communist workers.

Hoffman states that 30,000 troops, including 3,000 Wurtembergers, are surrounding Munich, where Communist loyalty is shaky, because the leaders are squandering money in buying support.—Exchange Berlin message.

NAVY FOR BELGIUM?

BRUSSELS, Sunday.

The Minister of War has set up a commission to study the question of the creation of a Belgian Navy.—Reuter.

8 DAYS' ARMISTICE AT SEBASTOPOL.

City Evacuated by the Crimean Government.

REDS' BIG SURRENDER.

Part of Bolshevik Army Fighting for Ukrainians.

A wireless message received at Moscow, says the Wireless Press, states that Sebastopol has been evacuated by the Crimean Government, which is proceeding to Constantinople.

After negotiations with the Allied Command, an agreement was reached by which an armistice has been arranged for eight days, expiring on April 25.

The Government in Sebastopol is now in the hands of a Revolutionary Committee.

The Ukrainian Press Service reports that the First Bolshevik Army operating along the River Pripyet, in the region of Homel, has surrendered to the Ukrainian troops, and that up to the present 20,000 rifles, thirty-five guns and 200 machine guns have been handed over. Part of the surrendered army, says a Central News Vienna message, has volunteered to fight against the Bolsheviks, and is already fighting alongside Ukrainian troops near Shitomir. The majority consists of peasants from the districts of Tula and Kazan.

RUMANIANS FIGHT BOLSHEVISTS.

PARIS, Sunday.

The following Bukarest message is published in the newspapers:—

A sanguinary encounter has occurred between Rumanian troops and the Bolshevik forces on the eastern bank of the Dniester, near the Bessarabian frontier.

The fighting lasted several hours, and terminated with the total defeat of the Bolsheviks, who left numerous dead and several hundred wounded behind.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

A telegram from Budapest reports that the Rumanians, attacking in Transylvania, have been defeated with heavy losses and have retired to the eastern frontier line.—Central News.

A Vienna telegram to Amsterdam says the Rumanians successfully attacked Hungarian communists and advanced to Gresswardein.—Central News.

The Daily Mirror learns that meanwhile Trotsky is issuing fervent appeals to the armies opposing the Bolsheviks and promising all kinds of good things if they surrender.

HOW A LONDONER WAS KILLED IN INDIAN RIOTS.

Accounted for 5 or 6 Rebels Before Being Overpowered.

The latest news of the situation in India is contained in the following telegram from the Viceroy, dated April 20:—

The Bengal State Offences Regulation has been extended to Gujarat district, Arya Samaj, and Mahomedan emissaries from Delhi are making attempts to stir up trouble in neighbouring districts of the Punjab.

It is reported that tension exists at Ferozpur and Multan. Railway communication has been restored. Arrests are being made. Messrs. Thomson, of 33, St. Saviour's-road, Croydon, was informed yesterday by the India Office that her son, Mr. Gilbert Makepeace Thomson, manager of the Amritsar branch of the Alliance Bank of Simla, was killed during the recent riots in India.

The India Office is unable to give Mrs. Thomson any details of the murder, but she hears from another source that her son, when an attack was made on the bank premises, accounted for five or six of the rioters before he was overpowered.

EGYPT—LEADERS' TRIAL.

The latest communique from Egypt, received last night, says:—

Four thousand four hundred Armenians have been placed in safety in Cairo subsequent to mob attacks.

A military court has opened, and the accused in the Upper Egypt riots are being brought to justice.—Reuter.

Egyptian Claims.—The Egyptian Mission has arrived in Paris to "make heard the voice of Egypt's 15,000,000 inhabitants who desire independence."—Exchange.

Troublesome Turks.—Information reaching The Daily Mirror shows that the Turks are causing a good deal of trouble. In Egypt, Palestine, Armenia and the Caucasus they are industriously striving to incite the populace to riot.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1919.

ALL TOGETHER?

AS one watches the streams of weary workers "enjoying" their holiday at Easter, one may be allowed the opinion that Easter holidays are amongst the things that would be the better for a little reconstruction after the war.

We have had Good Friday. Many of us have had Saturday. And Sunday. And we shall have to-day.

But the worst of it is, precisely, that *all*, or nearly all of us, have these days: roughly, all except the tube and train and traffic people.

That means few can get anything they want.

In thousands we saw them yesterday parading the streets and looking for "somewhere to dine," or "somewhere to get a cup of tea."

On Saturday, too, nearly all restaurants closed. The same with many shops, of course, and places the workers see themselves frequenting when they dream of a holiday. Everything closed, and everybody wanting everything to be open. Everything has to be closed for everybody to be free. And with everybody free there is nothing for anybody to do.

That is the dilemma, which, we know, has its compensations. . . . Yes: there are Hurst Park to-day, football, the "pictures," the theatres. And there are a few reopened museums. But it isn't like ordinary days. It cannot be. And what we want on a holiday is for things to be as merry and bright as usual—only ourselves free to enjoy it all.

Can this holiday dilemma be solved? With a little forethought, surely. It might be necessary first perhaps to found a Ministry of Recreation and to put it into a Holiday Hotel; but we hope it need not be as expensive as that. It is certain, however, that some State supervision would be necessary to allot holidays in the manner, say, of the Shop Assistants Act. Not all shops take their half-day on the same day. They are wise. They provide that the "assistants" who get a half-day, say, on Thursday can spend it in a town not gloomy or half dead. Would it not be possible in some such way to get all holidays apportioned according to need or choice, so that while some were at liberty, others, without sense of grievance, might be still at work to provide for their fuller enjoyment?

We only see two objections.

One is that there would be holidays of a sort going on all the year round, at all times. Well, this happens actually in the summer from June to September. We are getting out of the habit of "all going away together" at one time. This is a small objection.

The other is that friends and families employed in different trades and different places could not meet and trail about dull streets together. For some families can only forget on a holiday. . . . And against this we can only set the answer that the new holiday would be more interesting if not so gregarious.

For it is a penalty of living in an age of "standardised" industrial and multitudinous monotony that we all have to do all things in common and in crowds. It is really much pleasanter to do things apart from the multitude. Holidays, we declare, would be much nicer taken in bits and not all together in a rush. . . .

And now for Hurst Park, the football, the pictures.

Bring sandwiches, for you may not get anything to eat! W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man.—Charlotte Brontë.

TEN THOUSAND MILLION BRICKS WANTED!

THE REAL CRUX OF OUR VAST HOUSING PROGRAMME.

By A MASTER BUILDER.

THE Government have planned half a million new "homes"—as the King himself is careful to call them—for the next three years, with a view to relieving the plight of the 3,000,000 people who live in an "overcrowded" condition. For little more than half of these houses timber, hardware and sundries of all sorts are needed on a great scale.

Will they be forthcoming within the specified time?

Personally, I doubt it. Even for 300,000 small dwellings (the programme will surely be whittled down) we require 23,000,000 square feet of glass, 2,000,000 window-frames, 4,500 tons of nails and 4,000,000 doors. But above all, there is the crucial matter of bricks for building. Each house calls for about 20,000 bricks, or

pivotal men of the yards were long ago released in thousands, so as to pick up their old trade.

So anxious is the State to help things along that the Government is willing to advance money for the output of reopened yards. But thousands of millions of bricks are not to be had by a wave of authority's hand. Men of this trade are still in the Army. Brick-making plant has been scrapped, or spoiled by disuse. It takes time to procure and prepare earth for the making of stock bricks; and fuel, raw materials and labour now command extremely high prices, as everybody knows.

WHAT WILL IT COST?

It is, therefore, quite certain that the new houses will exceed in cost the £500 or £600 of Dr. Addison's hopeful estimate. For brick-making in 1919 is in many ways a difficult business, and the processes vary with the localities. Brick-earths may be pure clays or loams or marls. The London makers add lime and ashes, or "breeze," to prevent shrinking. And the colour of the bricks depends on the

TO-DAY'S "QUIET" EASTER HOLIDAY.—No. 6.



Rest and change—yes. But is it always rest as well as change? Isn't it sometimes harder work?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

in all 10,000,000,000 for the complete programme. Their price before the war was 24s. per 1,000; to-day, bricks range all the way from 53s. to 80s.

During the war we got out of the way of making bricks. Even Peterborough, the greatest centre of the trade, is only just reopening her twenty yards; and it will take six months at least for the district to turn out even 350,000,000 bricks a year—or, say, half its maximum production.

It is hard to revive a war-killed trade. Fourteen hundred yards were closed "by order"; and such bricks as were made were promptly commandeered by the Ministry of Munitions as an indirect aid to our high explosives! Bricks of the best quality were used to wall the great coke-ovens and by-product plants of the Yorkshire and other districts, where benzol and toluol were obtained.

Salt in the coal wore away the walls of these ovens, so the best bricks had to be requisitioned for their repair. We had 8,412 coke-ovens in full blast last year, and 1,253 more were being built when Foch sounded the "Cease Fire!" at Senlis in November. Now the urgent call is for housing-bricks, and

ingredients, as well as the degree of heat in burning.

The London clay yields bricks of a rich brimstone hue. Earth is dug in the autumn and exposed during the winter. Machinery for "maling" the creamy liquid is quite elaborate, and April is the month when moulding begins. In the London district bricks are commonly burnt in walled "clamps." These may contain 300,000 bricks, and they are fired for a month or so.

It will, therefore, be seen that the ten thousand million bricks needed for the Government housing programme will not readily be forthcoming—especially as the industry was largely suppressed during the war.

Luckily, new and ingenious machines for dealing with the plastic clay are now forthcoming, and Sir J. Carmichael, our Director-General of Housing, has placed huge orders in Leicester and Kent, in Somerset, Gloucester, Peterborough and Lanarkshire.

These are the principal brickmaking districts, and the trade is everywhere making brave attempts to shake off its four-year depression and produce on a vast scale for the nation's sake.

HOLIDAY GIRLS.

EASTER TOPICS DISCUSSED IN LETTERS FROM OUR READERS.

TOO NOISY?

ARE not our girls getting unusually noisy?

One notices it especially at holiday time.

Their shrieks of laughter contrast, not very pleasantly, with the quiet and stolid demeanour of our men. H. N.

Wimbledon.

OUR GIRLS—A WAR CRITICISM.

I WAS recently greatly surprised when a Canadian officer informed me that, in his opinion, British girls had deteriorated since the outbreak of the war.

He went on to say that over four years of war had produced a spirit of self-importance, which is likely to prove dangerous in the near future. Also, that common politeness, which was so manifest in pre-war times, has completely vanished.

Candidly, I entirely disagree with him. Let us consider his first item—self-importance. Remembering all that has been accomplished by the fair sex during the past fifty months, I deem that they are entitled to be considered self-important. I might add that there are hundreds of lassies who deserve as much praise and commendation as our soldiers who fought in the trenches.

With reference to politeness, I cannot see where there is any great difference. Perhaps they are a little more gruff in their manner. This, however, is only natural after becoming hardened to the strain of war work. J. R. Holborn Military Hospital, Mitcham, Surrey.

AT THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS.

I AM only voicing, I know, the complaint of very many ex-soldiers who have to call at the Chelsea branch of the above Ministry to make inquiries about their pensions when I state that we most strongly object to having to place our cases before and go into details with ladies at the inquiry office. Some of our disabilities are such that we are only inclined to discuss with men.

Surely there are some invalided officers capable of taking charge of this work, or have they all been given jobs? You will excuse the thanks of many ex-soldiers if you get this matter remedied. A. R. (ex-R.G.A.).

JOY IN RELIGION.

I SUPPOSE that Miss Teresa Hooley in her article, "A Plea for More Joy in Religion," is alluding to Fr. Faber's well-known hymn, "O, Paradise." She says "had he possessed this saving grace"—i.e., a sense of humour—he would never have written it.

Now, it is an undisputed fact that Fr. Faber was noted for his wit and keen sense of fun. In his book "The Creator and the Creature," he asserts that a sense of humour is one of the highest of natural gifts.

Some of his hymns are most gay, for instance, one for May, in which the following lines occur: "Sing gaily in chorus, the bright angels o'er us Re-echo the strains we begin upon earth. Their harps are repeating the notes of our greeting."

For Mary herself is the cause of our mirth." The greatest and truest Christians have always had intense joy in the gaiety of nature—the "nature" of the thrush, the divine beauty of baby laughter.

As for the "religious festival," where could we find "more colour," "more joy," "more beauty" than in the Easter service of the Catholic Church? V. M. DE LA RIVIERE, Ditchling, Sussex.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Elderly Bachelors.—It would be absurd to tax young men who can't afford to get married. No bachelor under thirty ought to be taxed. Those over thirty ought to be.—MARRIED MAN.

Smoking in Church.—Smoking would disfigure the church. Incense used to be employed for the same purposes in the Middle Ages, when the congregation did not wash.—SANTARIAN.

Precedents.—There is great precedent for smoking in church. Abraham saw the smoking bush, Moses had a pillar of smoke to guide him. Noah made a burnt sacrifice and the smoke went up and carried the favour of God. Tobacco is the modern form of incense and much pleasanter to inhale.—ANTIQUARIAN.

Poor Dog!—If the muzzling order succeeds in reducing the number of dogs roaming about our streets it will have done some good. But against the will of many dog owners, however, who would sooner see a stranger bitten than Fido muzzled.—ANTI-FIDO.

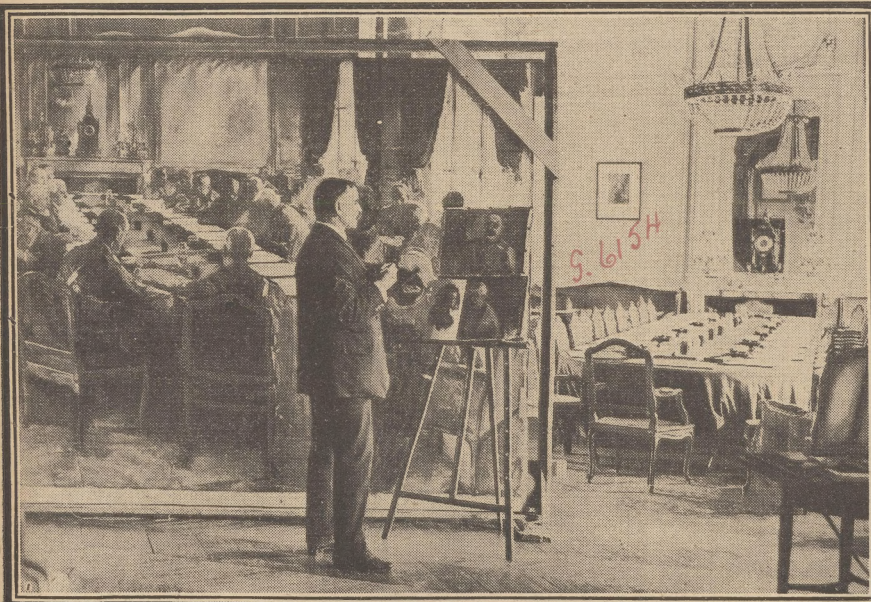
Women's Luxuries.—As the ways of women themselves are the principal cause of men remaining bachelors, it is very unfair to men that women should be soot free. Let us have a tax on their luxuries, as mentioned by your other correspondents.—YOUNG MAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 23.—Vegetable marrows are easy to grow in any sunny corner; plants should now be raised. Fill some small pots with good sandy soil and set one seed in each pot.

Place the pots (if a warm greenhouse is not available) in a sunny frame, keeping the lights on until the young plants appear. Later on shift into 5in. pots. Strong plants will then result, and these may be set out early in June. Small quantities of turnips and spinach should now be sown in well-prepared ground. Sow again later. E. F. T.

WHERE THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD WILL BE DECIDED



Mr. Herbert Olivier at work on his great painting of the Supreme Allied War Council, which sat at the Trianon Palace Hotel, Versailles, during the war. It is to this hotel that the German delegates will be summoned.—(Exclusive.)

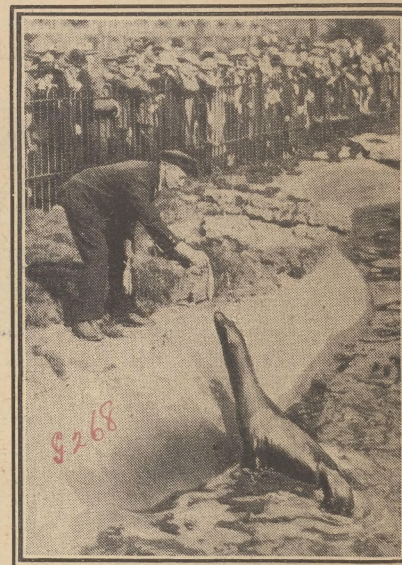
PORTRAITS IN NEWS.



Miss Kitchener, cousin of the late Lord Kitchener, who has recently resigned post as headmistress of Bury Girls' Grammar School.



Mr. William Charles Millier, deputy chief constable of Burnley, who will shortly take over the duties of Chief Constable of Hove.



BACK TO THE ZOO.—The last of the Zoo's old sea-lions died in 1918. After the signing of the armistice five more were ordered from California. These have now arrived. The keeper is seen feeding one of his new charges in the photograph.



A ZOO PET.—Daisy, the baby leopard, who is one of the most popular attractions at the Zoological Gardens at the present moment. She is a great favourite with the children, and this little girl is quite happy with her. (See news page.) (Daily Mirror photograph.)



THE ADMIRAL AT HOME.—Vice-Admiral Sims, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. naval forces, arrives in New York, after landing from the Mauretania.



BOY HERO.—John H. Chambers, eleven, received a reward for the rescue of a boy from drowning in a pond nine feet deep.



RESCUED.—Miss Minnie Patch, an English governess, condemned to death by the Bolsheviks, was rescued by the Cossacks.



LOOKING DOWN ON LONDON.—Macaulay pictured a New Zealander surveying the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch in London Bridge. Here are two New Zealanders surveying London from the tower of Westminster Cathedral.

THE JOYS OF CROSS-COUNTRY FLYING.

VIEWS YOU MAY GET FROM 12,000 FEET UP.

By "SPAD."

Cross-country flying will now become a more and more popular experience. Its fascinations are described in this article.

A FRIEND of mine once told me he liked cross-country flying because of the wonderful opportunities it offered for forced landings in the grounds of attractive country houses.

He never gave me any details, but, apparently, his tactical method was to fly about the country-side looking for those glorious old-world mansions of which we read in novels.

On perceiving a suitable victim he would dive down and fly round at a low altitude "until the fairies came out," when he would gracefully swoop down and land. If, on the other hand, no fairies came to look at him he would fly away again.

Admittedly there is quite a lot to be said in favour of this exhilarating pastime, but it can hardly be called cross-country flying.

One does not get that glorious feeling of absolute freedom, of being utterly alone in a new world—a world consisting of a never-ending panorama of wonderful views—or of holding one's own with the untamed clouds and invisible winds which make real cross-country flying the most glorious fun in the world.

THE HEIGHT TO FLY.

Provided the weather be clear and fine the higher one flies the better.

Many pilots consider four thousand feet about the best height for cross-country work, but, personally, I prefer to fly at three times that height.

At twelve thousand feet one can see a far greater distance than one can at four thousand, and at the same time be almost immune from "bumps" when crossing rivers, towns, forests or ranges of hills.

Supposing two machines were flying from Oxford to Portsmouth—one at four thousand feet and the other at twelve thousand. The latter would see Southampton Water, sixty miles away, very soon after leaving Oxford, and consequently instead of worrying about railways, roads, or anything else, would fly straight for the sea, at the same time enjoying to the full the glorious view of the surrounding country as seen from two and a half miles above the earth.

Contrast this with the other and less fortunate pilot, who, unable to see Southampton Water from his meagre height, would be flying along watching his compass or else studying the ground beneath him, and then referring to his map.

I well remember my first cross-country flight—a journey of about seventy miles to a well-known aerodrome on the South Coast.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

The weather was rather bad and the clouds only six hundred feet or so from the ground. The latter misfortune made it necessary for me to fly either above the clouds, where I could catch an occasional glimpse of the ground, or else below them—a dangerous thing to do in the circumstances, should the engine develop a serious trouble and necessitate a landing.

Eventually I decided upon the former course, merely from the standpoint of safety.

All went well for the first half-hour, but after flying for about forty minutes the clouds became quite solid, and although I glided down to within four hundred feet the ground was so indistinct owing to a sea mist which had blown up that it was quite impossible to find the way.

Naturally, it was useless to continue in this manner, so I scuttled down and dived—and, to my surprise, came out over the sea at a height of about 120ft.

Fortunately, the coast was in sight, and I was soon flying over the land again, but still very low down.

Eventually there appeared directly beneath me a large field in which troops were drilling, so I decided to land and find my bearings.

Unfortunately, there was a slight downhill gradient on the field, unnoticeable from the air. The machine overshot the mark, came into violent contact with some barbed-wire entanglements, and finally finished up in a bomb-hole.

Luckily the only damage was a tear in the wing, but it was discovered afterwards that had the wire not been there the machine would have gone over a sheer drop of 15ft. into a sunken road.

WHY MEN LIKE DOMESTICATED WOMEN.

DULL COMFORT BETTER THAN BRIGHT BOHEMIANISM.

By ELIZABETH WARD.

I HAVE two friends, whom, for convenience sake, I will call Anne and Beatrix. Anne is severely practical, as befits her name; she can cook and sew, her house is run comfortably at a minimum of cost, her children are well-behaved.

Beatrix does not know the difference between a chafing-dish and a frying-pan.

Her home is artistically untidy, and she thinks more of the charm in a new bit of Sevres or the colour in a Japanese print than she does of the utility of vacuum cleaners or a new make of mouse-traps.

Yet the husband of Beatrix regards her as altogether adorable.

In Anne's home the comfort of her husband is studied above all things. He knows nothing of buttons missing off shirts, of burnt porridge, badly-cooked food or holes in stockings.

In the home of Beatrix both contrive to be happy because they have a sense of humour, and ill-prepared, badly-served meals, holes full of holes and beds that refuse to make themselves when the servants flit—all these things are looked upon as something in the nature of a joke.

Such a state of affairs would send Anne's husband grey.

What about the husband of Beatrix if he were to be suddenly transposed to the home of Anne?

Its domesticity would amaze, and, I think,

frighten him for a few hours, accustomed as he has been practically all his life to haphazard, precarious ways.

Nevertheless, if he could outstay those few hours, during which state of transition all his preconceived ideas of law and order were ruthlessly pulled up, the husband of Beatrix, I feel sure, would enjoy the comfort and snug security of Anne's home.

Yes, most men like comfort and domesticity.

The average man likes the comfort of a pair of carpet slippers, a warm fender, hot shaving-water in the morning and all the rest of the luxuries of a respectable, well-ordered home at which the adventurer or vagabond shrugs his shoulders.

He knows, too, that these comforts cannot be obtained without the aid of the woman who has included domesticity in her métier.

The domesticated woman who marries sees to these as a matter of course.

True, the domesticated woman spoils her man—that is, she smooths so many rough corners and looks out for his comfort and happiness in all the trifling happenings of life, that if she is removed by death he finds himself helpless and absolutely miserable.

That is why so many widowers quickly marry again.

They cannot stand the loneliness, the discomfort.

It is not an insult to the memory of No. 1 wife, as some would have us believe, rather is it a tribute to her capabilities.

Yes, men may flirt with Phryne or Aspasia, and may hold friendship with Minerva, but for all that they like best the domesticated woman.

HOW TO WEAR THE EASTER HAT.

THE GREAT FEMININE PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

By A MILLINERY EXPERT.

An article of particular interest to women at this season of the year.

THE Easter hat is an item materialised in many forms. But there is only one correct way of putting it on.

It must be put on straight. The brim may be tip-tilted, depressed, higher at one side than the other; have an elongated front and a short back. Or there need not be any brim at all.

These details do not govern in the least the manner in which the hat is to be worn. As I have said before, it must be worn straight.

It must not show the hair on the forehead. It must be pulled down over the brow until only the eyebrows are visible.

I have a hat in my saleroom now that is slapped up at the back to show the twist of hair that is an apology for a chignon. It is a novelty, but I am not expecting any great custom for it at present.

It is too revolutionary to find favour with a world of women who for years past have done their utmost to hide the fact that they possess any hair at all at the back of the head.

HATS AND TEMPERAMENT.

Perhaps when the summer comes and the bobbed hair of our war-workers has grown long enough to be knotted midway between the nape of the neck and the crown of the head this new vogue may find votaries. At present every girl crushes her hat down on her head just as she did her V.A.D. cap and all the other types of headgear worn with the various Service uniforms of the war.

I often think how wonderfully clearly the way in which the eternal feminine puts on her hat strikes the keynote of her temperament.

Not her personal temperament, but the temperament that is chosen for her, as representing the woman of the moment.

Before the war she wore her hat in such a way that one eye was quite obliterated. She was a Sphinx-like creature then.

Then came the hour in which she was called upon to declare herself, and she did so frankly and fully, true daughter of Empire.

Now, with the instinct for frankness a habit, she wears her hat straight, but so pulled down above these mysterious eyes of hers that it looks as if she were withdrawing into the reticence of peace again, becoming more of a problem; brooding, as it were, over her future—and the future of mankind.

Sometimes into my shop comes a woman who refuses to accept the latest vogue in hat-wearing.

MORE DARING NEEDED.

She makes an excellent choice in styles, but will not suffer my attendant to put the hat on her head as it should be worn. "I wear my hats in this way, not in that," she affirms, and forthwith plants the model firmly on after the fashion of five, ten or even fifteen years ago.

I often say to myself that a woman who wears her age aloud who adopts one method of hat-wearing in her youth and adheres to it whilst the years roll on.

A good deal used to be written from time to time in the fashion papers of the kind of hats different types of girlhood should choose. The girl with the moon face was told to wear one style, the damsel of the oval countenance another. There was one vogue for the fair girl and another for the dark.

Luckily, there are subjects better worth the ink and paper needed for their airing now.

I do not mean, naturally, that one vogue may not suit a girl better than another. That goes without saying. But I would have my customers more venturesome than they are apt to be.

Why not try this novelty and that? Have not the hats issued with the various uniforms of the war proved universally becoming to moon face and oval, blonde and brunette? Why then, I ask, should not these girls test various other types?

Everything in dress has its subtlety; the hat, perhaps, more pronouncedly than any other item of the toilette.

To me it always seems to signify the particular characteristic of girlhood the man of the moment most admires. When young miss ties up her head in a little drawn muslin bonnet decked with tiny rosesbuds she denotes her realisation that demureness is in the ascendant.

When she raises a dashing Cavalier chapeau on high she signifies her willingness to look as piquant as my gentleman desires.



TROOPS FOR EGYPT.—A draft of the 11th Hussars are seen in the above photograph leaving Aldershot, en route for Egypt.

WILL THE SANDS BE SAFE THIS YEAR?

HOLIDAY-MAKERS' CHANCES OF MEETING FLOATING MINES.

By HOWEL EVANS.

WILL the sands be safe this year? is a question which I dare say has occurred to many who are beginning to think of seaside holidays.

The explosion of mines at Ramsgate and the attendant damage must have made many wonder whether the beach would be safe this year for pleasure.

And so I put the question to a cheery young gentleman who knows something about mine-sweeping.

"Safe?" he said. "Oh, well, of course, I cannot give you a solemn guarantee that a mine won't drift ashore somewhere at some seaside place and create a disturbance. But, so far as safety goes, every effort is being made to provide it."

And then he went on to tell me of various means and methods employed in the job of mine-sweeping. Most interesting and illuminating they were, too, but I don't think I am at liberty to describe them without permission from higher authority.

But there is no harm in my saying that Britain's sea coast is expected to be as free as possible from the menace of drifting mines by at least the end of November.

The German mines, I was informed, are deadly things, and if one were to drift ashore it should be left severely alone until experts arrive to deal with it.

That might seem perhaps a superfluous

warning, but like the people who look for a gas leak with a candle, there are fools who would actually handle a mine and possibly try to unscrew one of the horns, in which case there would at once be sudden and destructive death to all around.

The average horned mine is, as I have said, deadly. But one above all to beware of is a mine that looks as if it were almost covered by a tangle of wire and rope.

"Would a bather coming in contact with a mine be likely to explode it?" I asked.

"Hardly," I was told. "But I really don't think there is very much danger to the seaside holiday-maker from drifting mines. You see, we know where every mine was laid, the exact hour at which it was laid, and even the name of the ship and the officer in charge when the deed was done."

This information, it appears, was one of our requirements which the Germans had to fill when giving up their navy.

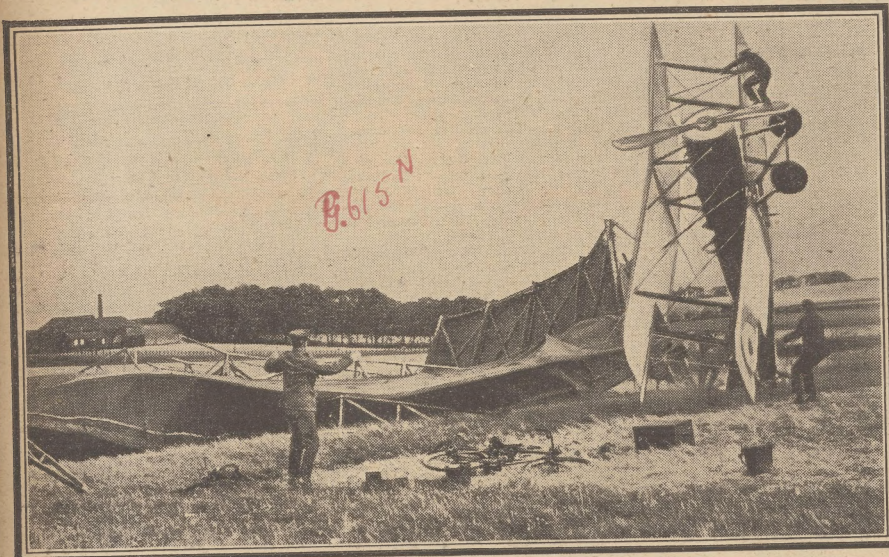
"Supposing a boat came in contact with a mine, would an explosion result?"

"I should imagine so unless the mine were a dud. But what is the good of worrying?—the odds are so very heavy against such a thing coming off."

"Just calculate how many mines have already floated ashore or done unpremeditated mischief. Not many, I think. Very well, then, how much greater are the odds against it now when sweeping has been going on for months and day by day mines are being located, brought to the surface and exploded?"

So I think the holiday-maker may abandon his apprehensions and consider that the sands are safe.

A GALE IS THE AIRMAN'S ENEMY.



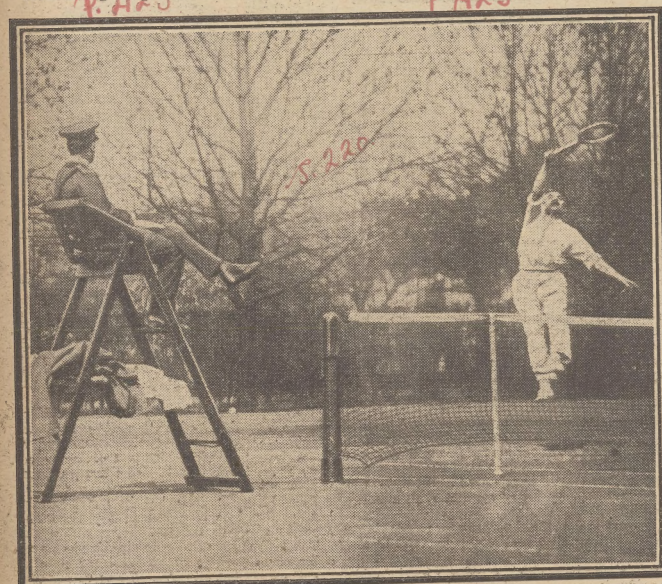
The result of a windy day at an aerodrome. The force of the gale has wrecked the hangars and overturned one of the aeroplanes in the grounds.



Strudwick getting into form with the bat.



Bobby Abel coaching at the Oval.



Tennis at Roehampton. Captain P. O'Hara Wood replying to a stiff service.

SPORT—AS BEFORE.—Strife has given way to sport. Tennis has returned. The first hard-court meeting of the season began on Saturday at Roehampton, and county cricket will soon be drawing all London to the Oval.

EAST LONDON SEA SCOUTS



A scout receives a lesson in navigation.



The boys on the boat give three hearty cheers for T.

A party of sixty sea scouts, in charge of Mr. A. J. Thomas, of the evening last for a holiday cruise. Harwich was the place for which the craft to proceed farther than



SUFFRAGE STORE.—Mrs. Schofield, who has opened at Middlesbrough a store for the Women's Freedom League.



STEAMER ASHORE.—The Royal Mail steamer Tyne is ashore off Crab Island, Langland Bay, near Swansea. It is likely to be a complete wreck, but it provides a spectacle for the holiday-makers.



"FOOTING" Griffin, a M. who has no champion



HONOU and a general. Steel, V.

ASTER HOLIDAY CRUISE

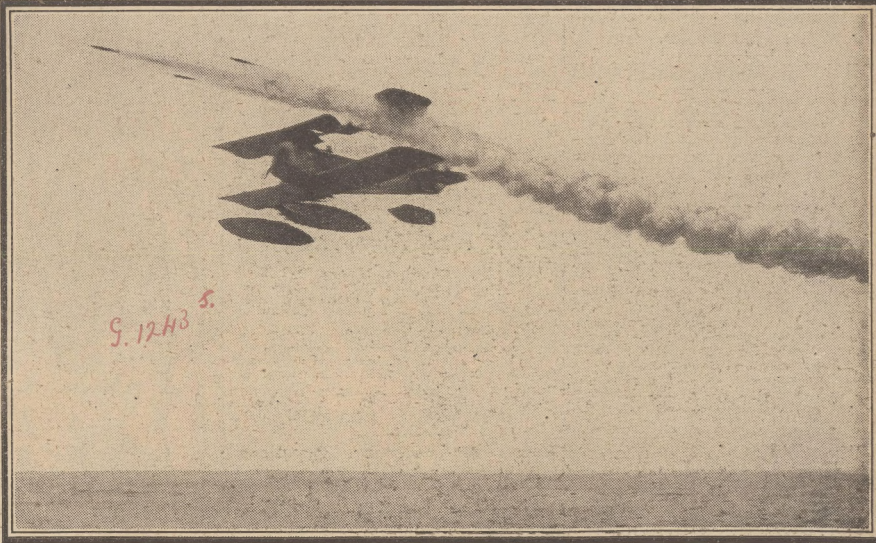
ROCKETS FROM FAST-FLYING AEROPLANES



The "Duty Watch" at work on deck.



Mirror representative as he leaves for shore.
and Foreign Sailors' Society, left Limehouse Pier on Thursday
y started, but adverse weather conditions made it impossible
d.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The pilot fires rockets from a lever inside the machine. The photograph shows a set of four rockets being discharged from a Sopwith aeroplane which is travelling at the rate of ninety-five miles per hour.



FOX TROT. Mr. Sydney
Sherwood, bandmaster of the
38th Division played a fox
trot when Prince of Wales
visited camp.



The King chatting to the French captain.



A French player brought down.



A WARNING.—Don't do this! It is true that it gives you a better view, but, on the other hand, unless you are used to flying there is a risk of being blown away and of a quick nose-dive landing.



France nearly tears the British Empire to pieces on a Middlesex battlefield.
THE KING AT TWICKENHAM.—The King was present at the Rugby match at Twickenham on Saturday afternoon, when the New Zealand team beat the French Army team by 20 points to 3. There were 22,000 spectators.

HARDEST WORKERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Hens Justify Their Claim
to the Title.

NORWICH'S LAYING RECORD

There is no more hard-working, industrious creature in the whole of the country at the present time than the British hen—judging by the shoals of correspondence which have reached *The Daily Mirror* on this subject.

These letters are the result of a mild challenge by a correspondent living at Shortlands, Kent, who, in last Wednesday's *Daily Mirror*, wrote: "I have eleven hens . . . for the week ending April 12 they laid no fewer than fifty-eight eggs. . . . Can anyone beat this record?"

According to the claims of numerous poultry-keepers these eleven Kentish hens are practically "slackers." They will have greatly to increase their laying powers if they are to keep in the running with other more enthusiastic fowls.

Most correspondents give columns of statistics showing the wonderful egg-laying powers of their birds. Reading through these, comparing past and present records, adding up figures, working out percentages, etc., was a terrible task. Out of this chaos, however, an undoubted "winner" was found.

She is Mrs. J. Browne, of 64, St. Augustine's-street, Norwich. She possesses five perfectly marvellous hens, who lay every day, and, apparently, are not above laying twice a day. This is her letter and her claim:—

"I am an amateur poultrykeeper. I have five black Minorca hens, and for a month they have laid thirty-five eggs a week. Last week (week ending April 12) they laid thirty-six eggs."

This means that each of these extraordinary birds lays seven eggs a week, and for the week ending April 12 they each laid 7.2 eggs during the seven days—a great record.

4,940 EGGS SINCE JAN. 1.

Fine Performance of 84 Pullets—Hen Lays
Three Eggs in One Day.

The finest record for consistent laying with a large number of fowls is that of F. Bingley, of Maer Craig, Exmouth, who states that her twenty-two Minorca pullets laid 140 eggs during the week ending April 12.

Since January 1 eighty-four pullets at Maer Craig have laid no fewer than 4,940 eggs!

The following "records" may also be mentioned:—

Owner	No. of Hens	Eggs Laid Week Ending April 12.
J. Thomas, Oswestry	10	67
H. Pilling, F.R.H.S., Birmingham	6	39
"F. M., Oxford	4	35
S. M. Meadows, Gravesend	7	43
H. E. Norris, Abergeenny	11	66
F. Banner, Middleborough	13	74
J. L. Ashby, St. Leonards-on-Sea	9	56

It is impossible to quote all the egg-laying facts and figures received. A remarkable hen, owned by G. A. Smith, of Upper Kevin-street, Dublin, may be mentioned.

"This hen laid her first egg when four months and one day old," writes Mr. Smith, "and, on June 14, 1918, she laid three eggs in one day."

WHO WILL BUY IT?

Offer Wanted for "The Daily Mirror's" 100 Guinea Charity Box.

The 100-guinea charity box which *The Daily Mirror* has bought for the great matinee which Mr. George Robey is organising for the Coliseum on April 27 in aid of the Printers' Pensions Fund still awaits a buyer.

The whole of the proceeds of the matinee are to be devoted to the support of the children of printers who fell in the great war, and *The Daily Mirror* would like to secure a record sum for the box it has purchased.

In any case, the fund will benefit to the extent of one hundred guineas, but if any charitably-disposed person will make a higher bid, so much the better for the great cause which the promoters have at heart.

U-BOAT TO HELP VICTORY LOAN.

New York, Sunday.

U-boat III, the first surrendered German submarine to reach the United States, has arrived, in command of an American crew.

When the U-boat had passed beyond the quarantine limit the American flag was broken and underneath flew the German Imperial Ensign.

The U-boat will be used to add stimulus to the Victory Loan campaign.—Exchange.

KAISER'S BROTHER CHARGED.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* says that Prince Noske has decided to prosecute Prince Henry of Prussia [the Kaiser's brother], upon whose estate a quantity of arms were recently discovered.—Central News.

"M. BEAUCAIRE."

Musical Version That Should Cap-
tivate All London.

MELODY, ROMANCE, INCIDENT.

"Monsieur Beaucaire," as produced at the Princess Theatre on Saturday night in the guise of romantic light opera, throws down a definite challenge to musical comedy.

Here is melody that is something more than a series of jingles picked out of the stock-room of musical-hall memories; simple and romantic melody that never stoops to banality, but achieves moments of real beauty. The setting of the story, too, is as delightful as the powder and the patches, the quilted gowns and the rich brocades of the dresses.

It is a matter of satisfaction also that the romantic legend of Beaucaire is not allowed to halt and stumble through the musical version, but swaggers along bravely from incident to incident.

In Mr. Marion Green we have an ideal Beaucaire, admirable alike in voice and stage presence, whilst Miss Maggie Teyte is a charming songstress, as well as a perfect heroine of romance.

If the music of M. Andre Messager does not captivate the heart of London—especially in the "Red Rose" number—there must be something distinctly wrong with that musical heart of London.

UNKNOWN LONDON.

Result of Fourteen Questions
Asked by "The Daily Mirror."

How many Londoners know their London? Holiday time is here, and everyone is asking the question "Where shall we go and what shall we do to-day?"

The old advice—for Londoners—still holds good. Why not see something of your own "little village" before going further afield?

That the average Londoner is woefully ignorant of the sights and places of interest in his own city was evidenced by inquiries made by *The Daily Mirror* during the week-end. During a ramble in the streets, trains, buses, trams and tubes one hundred people of both sexes and all ages were asked the following fourteen questions:—

- Have you been to the Tower of London?
- Have you been to the National Gallery?
- Have you been to the British Museum?
- Have you been to the Crystal Palace?
- Have you been to the Zoological Gardens?
- Have you been to the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's?
- Have you been to the top of the Monument?
- Have you been to Hampton Court?
- Have you been to Kew Gardens?
- Have you been to Madame Tussaud's?
- Have you been to Maskelyne and Devant's?
- Have you been inside Westminster Abbey?
- Have you been on the river to Kew?
- Have you ridden on an elephant's back?

The result of the inquiry is given below, the figures signifying those who answered in the affirmative:—

- (a) 65, (b) 59, (c) 52, (d) 45, (e) 79, (f) 25, (g) 60, (h) 67, (i) 71, (j) 53, (k) 32, (l) 57, (m) 40, (n) 44.

In rank of popularity the places of amusements are as follows:—

The Zoo, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Tower, Westminster Abbey, National Gallery, Madame Tussaud's, up the river to Kew, British Museum, Crystal Palace, ridden on the elephant's back, Maskelyne and Devant's, Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, up to the top of the Monument.

Only one person had been to all these places, and that was a man of sixty. Two women had not been to any of the places.

More men had seen Hampton Court than women. The majority of shopgirls had preferred out-of-door sightseeing. Most ex-Army men had visited the Crystal Palace on military duties.

A shopgirl who had been to all the places except Madame Tussaud's said that she was not interested in "unliving" people.

A girl who had travelled in Europe remarked that though she knew Versailles and the Eiffel Tower in France, she knew nothing of Lambeth Palace and the Monument in London.

NEWS ITEMS.

Marshal Foch is to receive the honorary freedom of Newcastle.

Bomb Kills Boys.—Three boys were killed and two injured near Chislehurst, Cann, Swindon, through the explosion of a live bomb with which they were playing.

Women's Battlefield Tour.—The first party of British women to tour the battlefields of France will leave London on Wednesday; other parties are being arranged by the Overseas Club and Patriotic League.

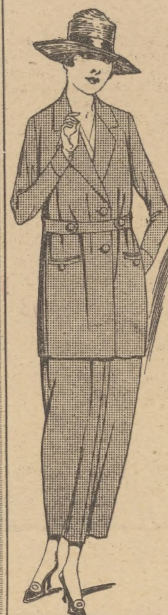
Killed While Motoring.—Accidental Death was the verdict returned at an inquest at Winchester on Saturday on Gertrude Burn, twenty-seven, daughter of a London solicitor, who was thrown from a motor-car and killed whilst journeying to Bournemouth.

WHITE STAR LINE—A CORRECTION.

We regret that in an extract from the report of the directors of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, Limited (White Star Line), published in *The Daily Mirror* on April 19, it was stated that the accounts showed a profit of £11,341,542.

The profits in question amount to £1,341,542. Interim dividends equivalent to 17 per cent. on the capital of the company have been paid.

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Lady Rachel Verney, wife of Sir Harry Verney and sister of Lord Elgin.



The Countess of Clancarty, interested in "Friends of Italy" Venice Ball.

FIVE NEW PEERS.

A Post for Dr. Gore?—Some Novel Fashions for Post-Easter Brides.

AT LAST the long-expected Honours List is to appear. Either to-morrow or Wednesday the public will know how the honours are distributed. This list, which is a fairly long one, has been deferred from the New Year, owing to various circumstances. I am able to say that five new peers will be added to the roll of the House of Lords; and there are several interesting new baronetcies. It will be found that every part of the country is represented.

Mr. Speaker.

From time to time there have been various rumours as to Mr. Lowther's intention of exchanging the Speaker's chair for the peerage and the pension with which a grateful country solaces its Speakers. I have the best authority for saying that Mr. Lowther will not retire just yet—not, at least, till the new Parliament has thoroughly found its feet.

"New Boys" Impressed.

There are plenty of new members of the House; and there is not one of them who is not impressed with the Speaker's dignity in the chair and his thorough command over the House. Mr. Lowther will hand down unimpaired to his successor, whoever he may be, the fine traditions which are associated with the British Speakership.

The Celebrations.

With peace so near that the Germans are actually summoned to Versailles, the Committee to arrange some sort of national celebration will hold a meeting this week. Lord Curzon, Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. Shortt will lay down the lines on which the country will celebrate.

"Cheerful Charlie's" Job.

Lord Bledisloe, better known as Sir Charles Bathurst, and more generally still, when he was in the House of Commons, as "Cheerful Charlie," is likely to be chairman of the Royal Commission to be set up to inquire into the economic position of agriculture. This will be a very important Commission.

Premier and Chancellor.

When Mr. Lloyd George was in London last week he had some conversations with Mr. Austen Chamberlain on the Budget. The Premier generally approved of the Chancellor's proposals, I understand. Meanwhile, till the secrets of these are revealed, the country continues to suffer from "Budget nerves."

L. C. and Spring.

The youngest Lord Chancellor on record has a youthful love for the spring-like in suits. I saw Lord Birkenhead in the Park the other afternoon, when it was sunny, wearing the lightest of garments and the longest of cigars.

Flying Peer.

Recently passing the twenty-first milestone, Lord Foley has the distinction of being the only peer who comes of age this year. He is in the R.A.F., and was an active pilot till an accident put an end to his going up. Now he is doing administrative work.



Lord Foley.

Foley, however, is only twenty-one and unmarried. Here he is.

Heirs.

The succession to the title has been anything but in the direct line. Lord Foley succeeded his cousin last year, and the present heir is his uncle. Lord Foley, however, is only twenty-one and unmarried. Here he is.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Spain for Sunshine.

Many people are spending the holidays in Spain, where the weather is beautifully warm and sunny. Lady Wimborne, who loves Spain, was there for some time. Princess Beatrice always believes the warmth in Spain does her rheumatism more good than any amount of nasty waters.

An Easter Recess.

Sir Rhys Williams, K.C., M.P., is taking a fortnight's rest, which he has earned by hard work. He was one of the Council of Four helping Sir Eric Geddes in demobilisation work, and had a lot to do with the drafting and committee work of the Transport Bill. He is to be Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Ways and Communications.

Prince as Admiral?

Some people say that honorary flag rank will be conferred upon the Prince of Wales very shortly. He is now relieving the King of some of the inspection visits, and it seems only right that he should hold a higher rank than that of lieutenant.

Thrilling Times.

Captain George Black, who is appearing for the British Columbia prisoners at the Kimmel Camp riots court-martial, probably knows more of the dark mysteries of the early days at Klondike than any other living man. He was formerly Commissioner of the Yukon territory, and had some experience which would set a novelist up in "thrills" for life.

From Cologne.

During the week-end I heard some interesting things from an officer on leave from Cologne. He said, for instance, that though the Boche is sickeningly sycophantic to British soldiers of all ranks, he is still firmly



Miss Rita Wilson, after 4 years' war work as a motor driver, is returning to the stage.



Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, who will now command the Scots Guards.

persuaded that his army was never decisively beaten in the field. "Hunger conquered us," he asserts.

A Zoo Queue.

So great was the rush for any kind of outdoor entertainments on Saturday that the Zoological Gardens actually had a queue outside the unimposing entrance in Albert-road—the first on record. A little more, and the Zoo will begin to think it is on a level with "Yes, Uncle," or "Romeo and Juliet."

The Family Cycle.

Some people can defy high fares and crowded vehicles. Yesterday morning up Hampstead way I saw a young couple vigorously pedalling a kind of tandem cycle. Behind was a species of trailer, in which sat the baby.

Easter Weather.

The balmy promise of Saturday was not kept by Sunday's weather. Chill rain fell in the early morning; and church-goers were glad of their wraps. The weather continued cool all day, while the sun would have been a finer sight than ever Suckling dreamed of.

The Enveloping Veil.

Nearly every new bride these times seems to be able to give a touch of originality for her wedding. I do not know which set the vogue of the enveloping veil, but it is a picturesque one. The veil is longer even than the train, and it requires some ingenuity not to tread on it. All the after-Easter brides have ordered it.

Links with the Past.

By a letter signed "Linkman" in one of the papers I am reminded how the gorgeous hotel of to-day derives from the tavern of Johnson's time. The gold-braided person who whistles up a taxicab (or not) is called "the Linkman," just as was his predecessor who lighted guests to their chariots in the dim London of George III.

Congratulations.

Peace appears to be now really in sight, and during the weekend I heard from Paris that Mr. Lloyd George was warmly complimented on his recent House of Commons speech by the other three of the "Big Four." And certainly they ought to speak with authority.

Canon Gore?

Yesterday I heard an interesting suggestion from some friends of the prelate who was till recently Bishop of Oxford. It was to the effect that Dr. Gore should be made a Canon of Westminster. Nobody would be surprised to see this suggestion translated into a concrete fact.

Actress' Gift to Nurses.

Tired nurses will have cause this summer to bless Mrs. Martin Harvey (known to playgoers as Miss de Silva), who has just bought Seaside Cottage, a charming place at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and has given it to the nation as a rest home for members of the College of Nursing.

With a Sister to Assist Her.

A sister tutor has just been engaged by the London Hospital to assist the class sisters—this paragraph is becoming like one of Mr. Wilkie Bard's tongue-twisters—who instruct the probationers in the theoretical side of nursing. She will give individual teaching to probationers who have missed lectures through illness, and so make things much fairer when exams. come round.

They Are Here.

Summer is evidently on the way. A keen-eyed lover of nature sends me the interesting news that he recently saw a pair of swallows in Kensington Gardens.

"Out-of-Work" Problem.

Although the Edgware-road Labour Exchange advertises that there are 1,677 vacancies for women workers, including 1,219 "domestic helps," 2,730 women are still receiving "out-of-work" pay.

The General Rehearsal.

I hear that Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard intend to introduce the Parisian system of the "repetition generale" at all their productions. It will be, at any rate, an interesting experiment, and it will be begun when the new Winter Garden Theatre is opened.

Welcoming "Beaucaire."

There was a goodly gathering to meet "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Princes Theatre on Saturday night. There were cheers when Miss Gertie Millar entered the stalls and more cheers for Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

Quietude and Composure.

I heard two things discussed in the interval. One was the composure of M. Andre Messen-ger, the composer, in the conductor's chair—quite a change from Jazz conductors—and the quiet methods of Mr. Lennox Pawle in the chief comedy part. He fitted into the picture admirably.

Portable Fungalows.

This year's novelty for river parties is a collapsible one-roomed bungalow, which can be stowed away in a motor or even carried by two or three friends. It is fitted with a little "locker" and a portable cooking stove.

Stage and Army.

There will be an interesting stage wedding in Upper Tooting on Saturday. Miss Dorothy Jay is marrying Lieutenant C. C. Robinson, of the R.A.F. The bridegroom is an American, but Miss Jay is all-British and a Londoner at that. Her last stage appearance was at the Hippodrome in "Box o' Tricks."



Miss Dorothy Jay.

O. Henry Screened.

Lovers of O. Henry will be shocked or curious, according to their temperament, when they hear that one of his inimitable short stories will shortly be seen on the cinema screen. So much depends on the telling of an O. Henry tale that much of the elusive charm may vanish when it is filmed.

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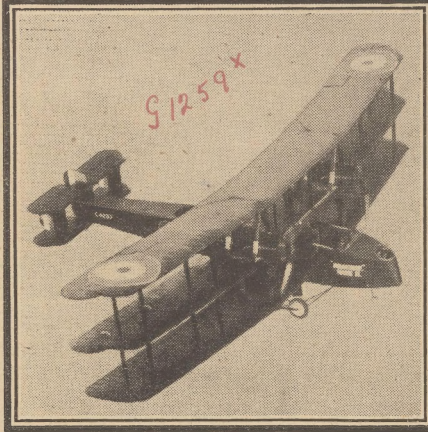
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HOME COMPANION

85: a stiff westerly wind at Gullane on Saturday, and
W. off the Bloxsum scratch trophy with a score of
drove powerfully, but was somewhat unlucky on t

"IN THE AIR": A NEW ELEMENT FOR THE DIVERSION OF PLEASURE MAKERS.



The pilot comes aboard the machine.

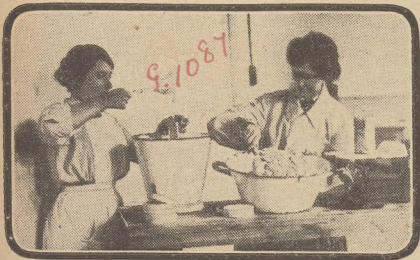


A giant triplane in flight.



The Mayor of Southampton gets ready for the first civilian flight ever made in the town.

Civilian flying is now one of the attractions of the Easter holidays. During the week-end the Mayor of Southampton made the first civilian flight at Southampton.



CREAM FOR EASTER.—Cream, that rarest of delicacies these days, is procurable again. Here are some workers in one of the Devonshire creameries.



ROLICKING RAMSGATE.—They don't bother about Zeppelins at Ramsgate now. The town is full of holiday-makers.



An enormous crowd witnessed the semi-final match for the London Victory Cup between Chelsea and Crystal Palace at Highbury.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Leigh 8, Salford (h) 0; Leeds 25, York (h) 6; Wigan 8, St
Helens Rec. (h) 3.

HOLIDAY PICTURES—

Daily Mirror

—FROM SEASIDE—

—RIVER AND PARK.



Two war workers enjoy first bathe of the season.



She is revelling in her sun-bath. The week-end sunshine has proved a great boon to the holiday-makers.



Two pretty girls—and a canoe.



A group of crab and shrimp catchers at Felixstowe.



A forced ducking in the sea at Brighton.



Baby is quite happy with his orange.



The heffannelled river man is here again.



By the shores of the Serpentine. A perambulator suffices for a bathing-box.

Not for years—probably never before, indeed—have the British people surrendered themselves to the holiday spirit with such a zest as this year. The cloud of war has



An open-air concert at Hastings. Every chair was filled.

been dispelled. The sun shines. The sea calls to us. We have not been slow to respond. The great towns are comparatively empty, but the beaches are thronged.